

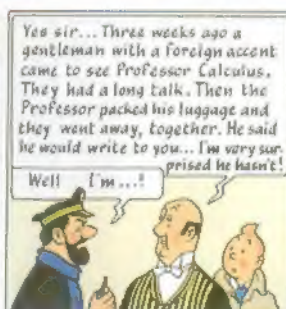
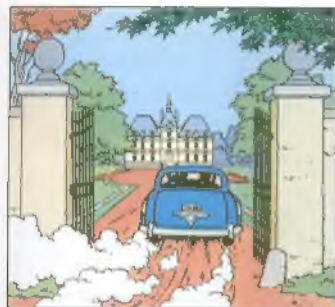
HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**DESTINATION
MOON**

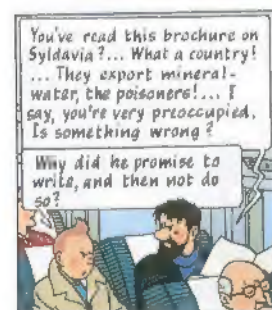
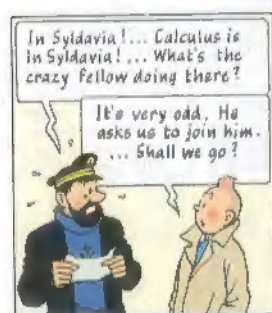


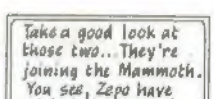
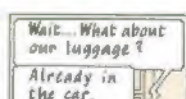
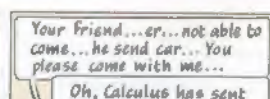
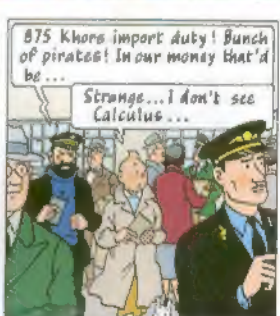
MAMMOTH



DESTINATION MOON







Calculus is doing things in style, eh?... With a chauffeur and a flunkie, by thunder!

Maybe...



What lovely country... It's a pity they only drink mineral-water. Eugh! and they like it. Why do you keep turning round?

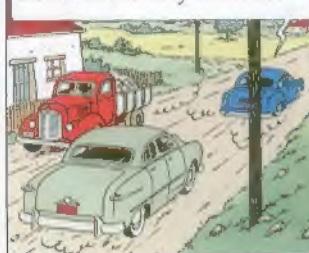


I'm watching that car... It's been following us from the airport

I expect it's going to Klow, like us.



Perhaps... Anyway we'll soon be there... We're coming to a town.



Hi! What's happening? We're not on the Klow road!



Hey, driver what's the meaning of this?... Where are you taking us?

Sprodj!



Sprodj yourself, you Bashi-bazouk! You were asked where we're going. Tell us!

Sprodj, zir. Your friend there...



КЛОБ KLOW
SLOW
ROAD WORKS



?



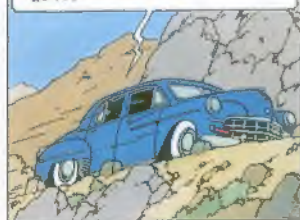
Billions of blistering barnacles! Why didn't you slow down, ectoplasm!

You speak me, zir!
... I not see...
We go...



Two hours later...

That other car is still following us...



The country is getting wilder and wilder. I wonder... Why, whatever's this?



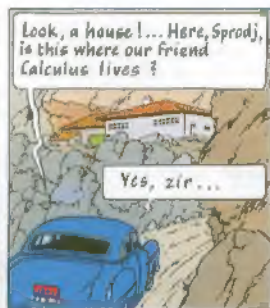
Captain, just look at that signboard.

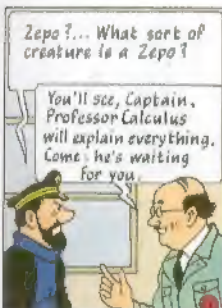
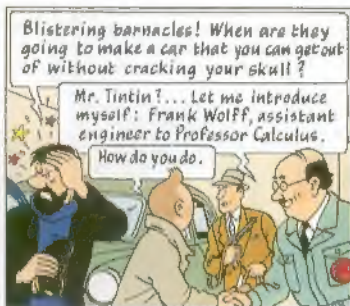
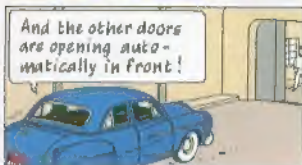


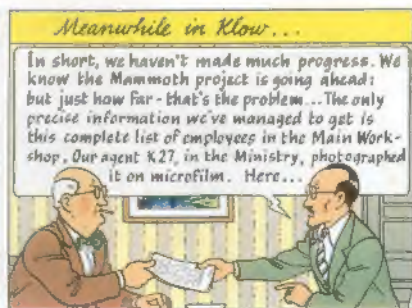
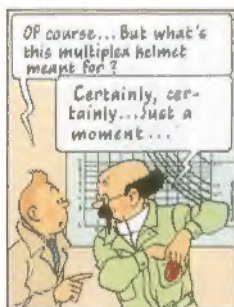


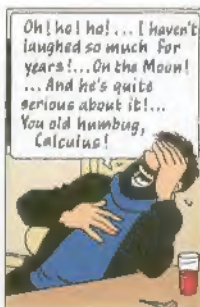
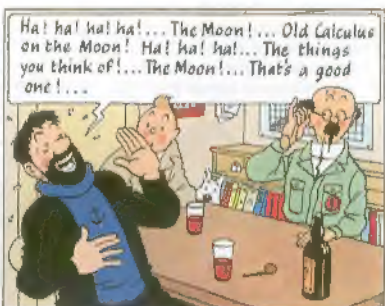
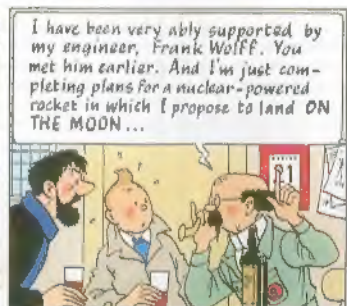
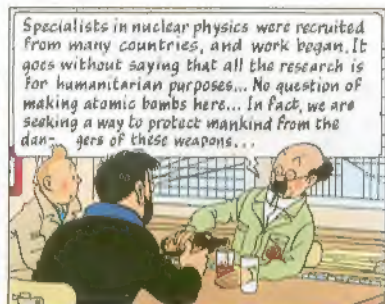
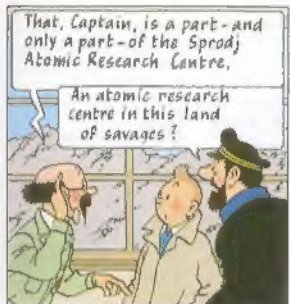
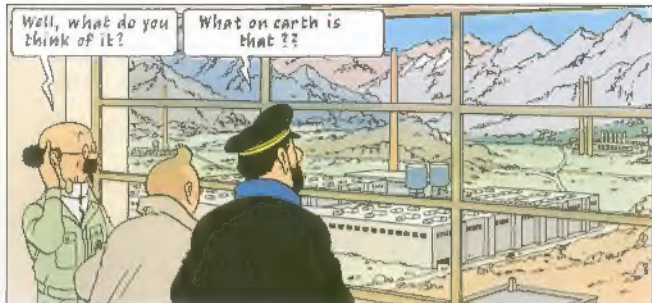
Captain, come on! We're going!

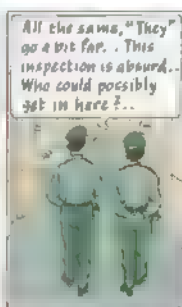
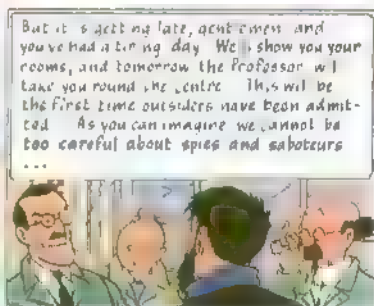
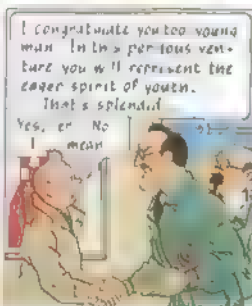
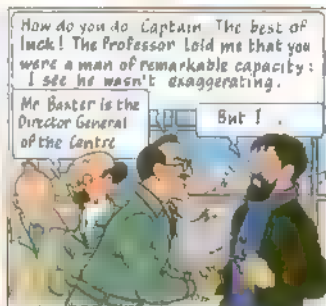
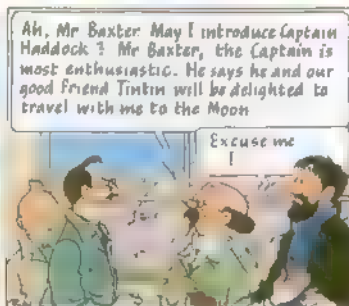
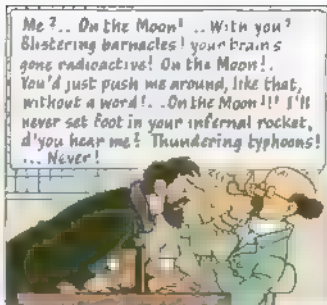








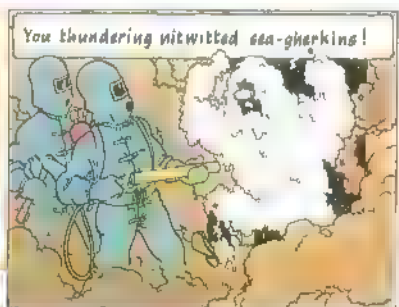
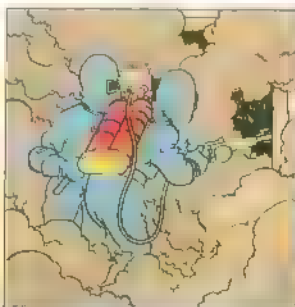
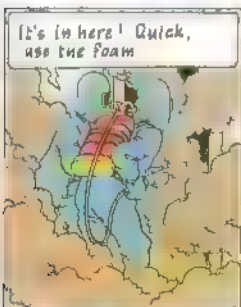
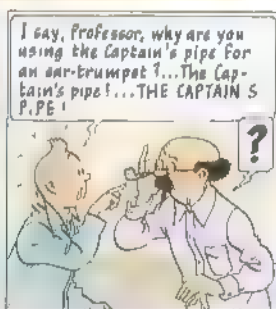
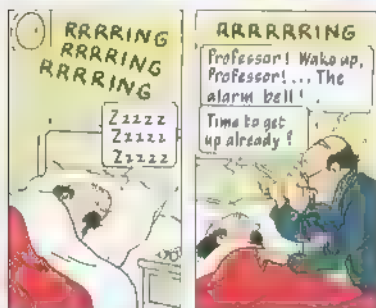
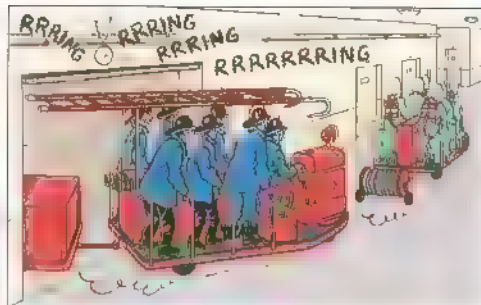




Patrol 14 calling Control!...
Patrol 14 calling Control!...
Emergency!... Dense brown smoke
filling corridors in H Sector...
Send security squads at once!

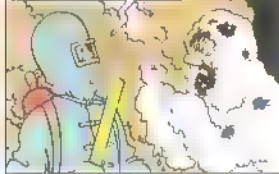


Control calling Security... Emergency!
Dense smoke reported
in corridors, H Sector...



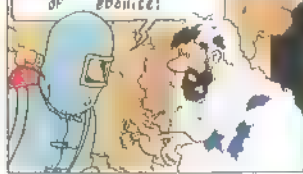
You Polynesians, you! You've been smart, haven't you? You Ku Klux-Klan! Just when I was putting it out myself...

Putting out what?



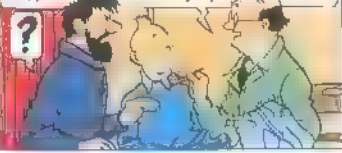
This confounded ear-trumpet! I flid it and lit it, thinking it was my pipe. It started to burn: no flame: just this blistering smoke!

Oh I see: it's made of ebonite!



The next morning...

The Professor asked me to give you this. He's rather busy himself this morning, so he suggested that I take you round the Centre. You'd better put on these overalls, then you can go round without being stopped continually by ZEPH.



The Zeph again? Look here, just what is a Zeph?

The ZEPH? ZEPH... Zekrutt Politz... They are the special police responsible for guarding the atomic area, for anti-sabotage precautions and for counter-espionage.

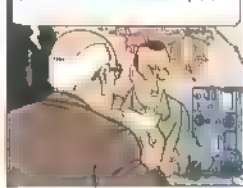


On that score the ZEPH have plenty to do... Despite all our precautions, certain powers know that we are building a moon rocket and their spies are actively interested. Happily for us they can only succeed if they have inside men. And even these would have to be son or staff. But we need have no worries about that. Now I'll leave you to put on your overalls.



Meanwhile...

Send this in code, my dear Baron: A.K.R. 12 to N.W.3 R. In contact at top level with Main Workshop...



We are now in the central laboratories where the natural uranium - which comes to us in thin metal rods - is converted into plutonium... Plutonium will be used to power Professor Calculus's rocket.



There are two principal stages in the production of plutonium. First the "cooking" of the uranium rods in the atomic pile which you will see in a minute, then the chemical extraction of the plutonium produced in the rods by the "cooking"... You follow me?

Of course! I'm right behind you.



Through this entrance is the bay housing the atomic pile... Have your passes ready.

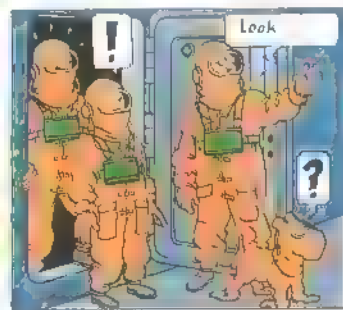


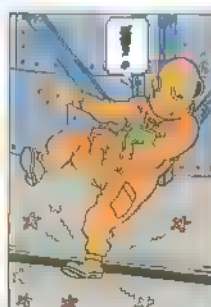
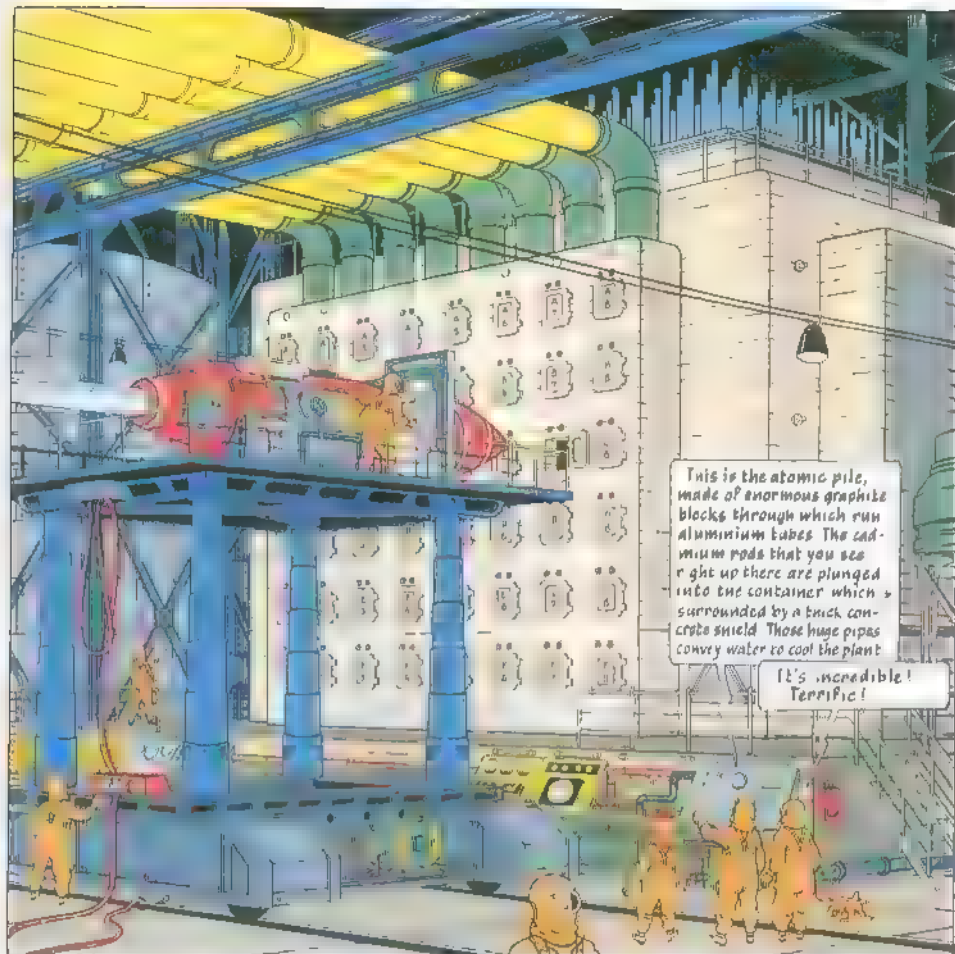
That's that. Now we'll go and put on the special clothing to protect us against radioactivity. By the way, with his usual thoughtfulness Professor Calculus remembered your dog; he's had a suit made for him - just the right size.

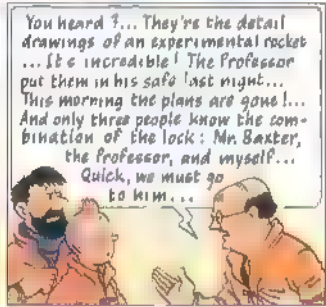
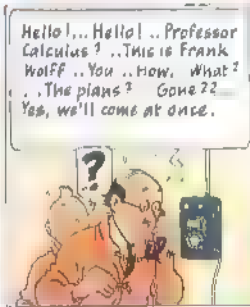
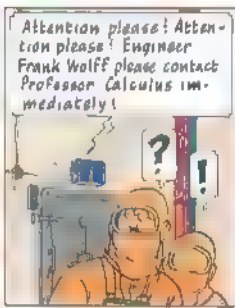
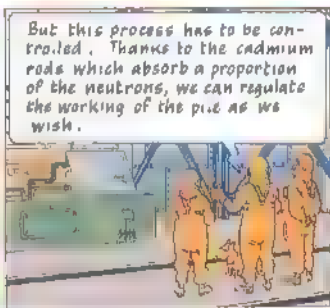
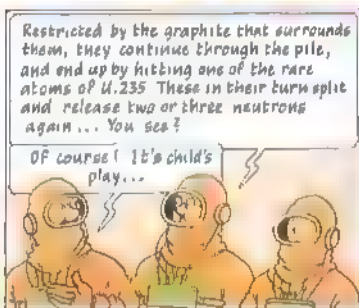
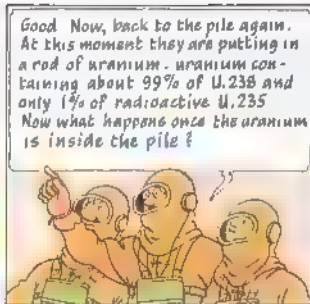


There. Now we can go in.

I know it's very good of Professor Calculus, but he must have measured a St. Bernard!







We'd never hear the end of it if I rummaged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreen!

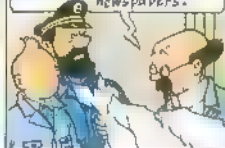


Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?

Well, I never!



Why, so they are! But now could I? I'm terribly sorry. In a moment of absent-mindedness last night I must have put the plans in the basket, and locked up these old newspapers.



How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready to launch. Come, I'll show you. It's a model of the rocket which will one day take us to the Moon.



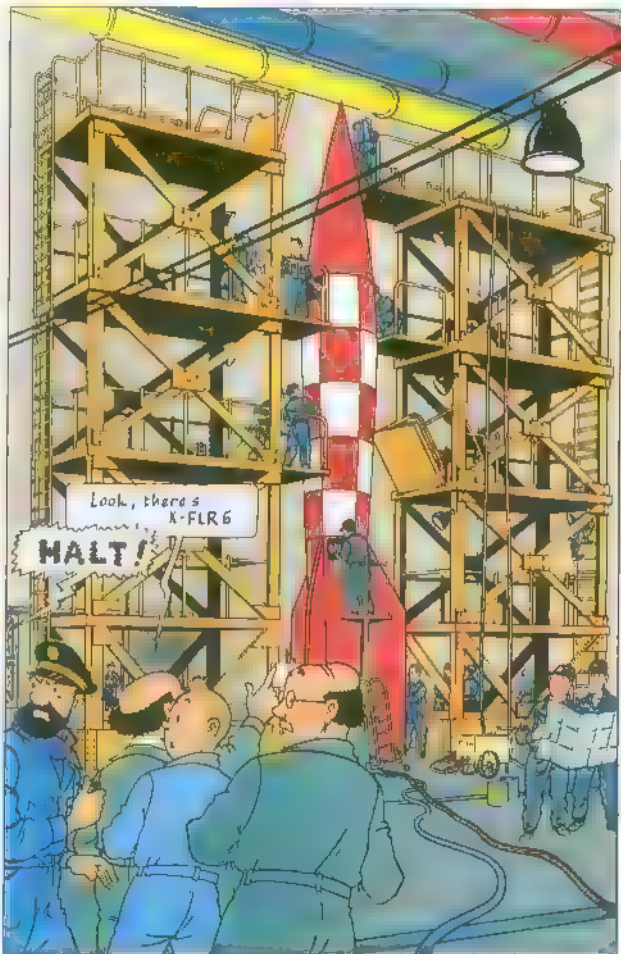
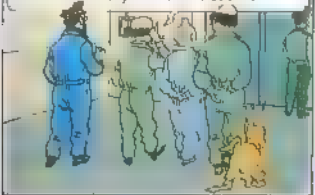
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon.



... and take photographs of the other side - the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Need I say the rocket...



... X-FLR 6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon...



What's that dog doing here in protective clothing? You know these suits are not allowed in this sector.

Heaven! I can't forget!

I go back with him. Here good dog come with me

You may say that X-FLR6 is no different from other rockets already launched. But my reply to that is our rocket's unique because it's the first

Follow the gentleman, Shady

It's about time some one took an interest in me!

to be driven by a nuclear motor. And I Professor Calculus perfected it! How does it work? Well, I think of a nuclear bomb but instead of an instantaneous explosion, the force is spread over several days.

Of course, for launching and landing we shall use another engine, a simple jet, using a mixture of nitric acid and aniline. Why? Because if we used the nuclear motor then, the radioactive blast from the exhausts ...

would be a frightful hazard at the launching and landing sites. You may argue that the intense heat engendered by the nuclear fission would melt the motor itself! No! Because I have invented a new substance, calulon. It has a silicon base and can resist even the highest temperatures. Thanks to these two inventions - the nuclear motor and calulon - we shall soon set foot on the Moon.

Ah the very thought of it makes me walk on air

Look out!

LOOK OUT!

CAUTION WET PAINT

?

CAUTION WET PAINT

A week goes by then, one night

Radar to Control! Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area!

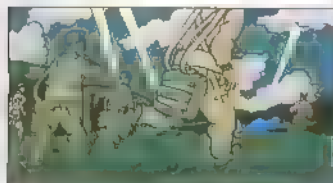
Attention please! Control calling! Emergency! Aircraft from South violating Security Area. Fighters and AA personnel to action stations

Sprody, Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me? You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down

They've spotted us! They're ordering us to turn back!

At all costs don't answer them. We aren't over the right place yet

Sprody, Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area we will open fire.



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

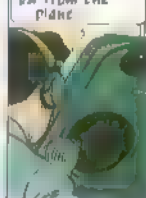
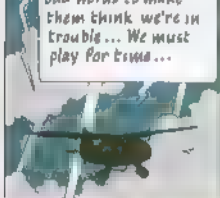
Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...

...craft F R receive lost course please our post...

A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do?

This is it! Jump!

Radar to control! Three parachutists have just jumped from the plane

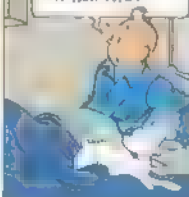


Control calling! ...Order the Ack-Ack to open fire!

BOOM BOOM BOOM
Crumbs! It wasn't a dream that's Ack-Ack fire!

THUUUUUUW
That's an unexploded shell coming down!

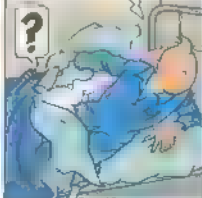
Zzzzzzz.
Zzzzzzz.



Great snakes! It went off in the Professor's room! Quick! I must hurry!

?

Who is it? D.A. someone knock?



Next morning

Attention please. A person
new in category A please re-
port at once to Mr. Baxter for
an important announcement.

Category "A"?
That's us!

Yes
Come on!

Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during
the night. An unidentified aircraft flew over the
Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft
fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of
one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found
this morning. He was carrying ration, arms, and a radio
set but of course no identification papers.

Yes, I know the other two para-
chutists have evaded capture.
Needless to say everything is
being done to find them. They
will undoubtedly be caught
forthwith. Meanwhile
gentlemen, I ask for your
co-operation...

Operation?...
Who's he talking
about, having an
operation?
Is somebody ill?

and would like to
impress on you my senior
executives the need for
constant vigilance. This
daring raid proves that even
the strictest precautions
cannot stop desperate men.

Thank you, gentle-
men, that will be all.
May I just have a
word with the
X-FLR 6 team...

Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

Not in the least. It's
just blocked that's
all.

You see? It's
master from
that explosion
last night... No,
it won't come
out like this.

Let's see, perhaps if I
shake it...
Well, Professor, what
are you up to now?

OH! Busting barnacles! I thought
that sort of thing only happened
to me!

I'm terribly sorry.
Don't mention it.

Excuse me the
telephone.
RRRRRING

Hello... Yes... What?
Captured the parachut-
ists?... Both of them?
Splendid!... Greeks
you say?... That's odd.
Bring them here im-
mediately. I'll question
them myself.

A few minutes
later

..You've got the
strong end of the
wick, no I mean
...

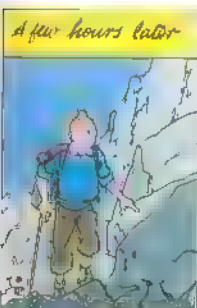
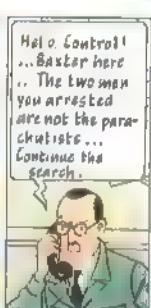
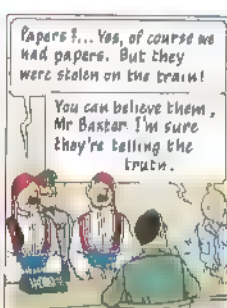
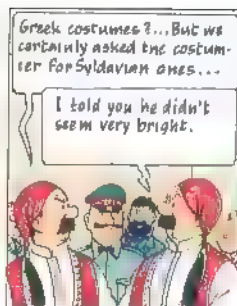
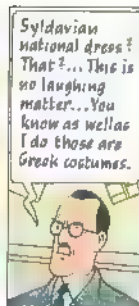
Silence!

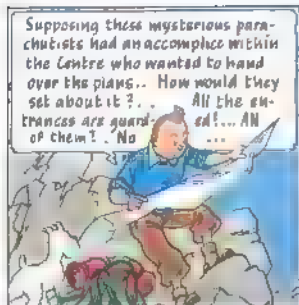
RAT
TAT
TAT

To be precise, the stick!

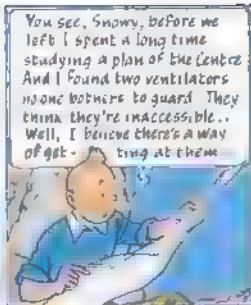
These are the two birds

This is it! Sensational
appearance of the
Thomson twins!

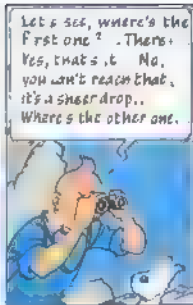




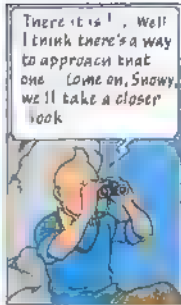
Supposing these mysterious parachutists had an accomplice within the Centre who wanted to hand over the plans... How would they set about it? ... All the entrances are guarded by them? No ... AN



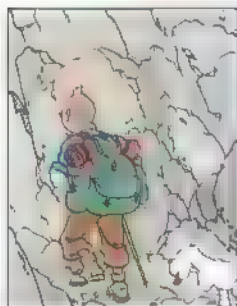
You see, Snowy, before we left I spent a long time studying a plan of the Centre. And I found two ventilators no one bothers to guard. They think they're inaccessible... Well, I believe there's a way of getting at them.



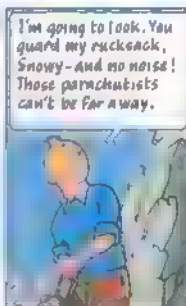
Let's see, where's the first one? ... There. Yes, that's it. No, you can't reach that, it's a sheer drop... Where's the other one.



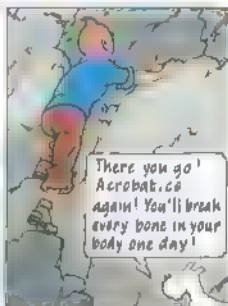
There it is! ... Well I think there's a way to approach that one. Come on, Snowy, we'll take a closer look.



So there's our ventilator!



I'm going to look. You guard my rucksack, Snowy - and no noise! Those parachutists can't be far away.



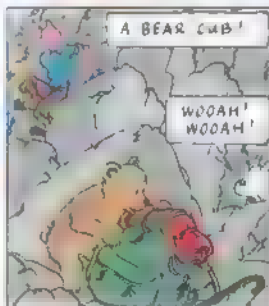
There you go! Acrobat.co again! You'll break every bone in your body one day!



It's just as I thought. This must be where the spies contact their inside accomplices ... I ..



WOAH!
WOAH!



A BEAR CUB!

WOAH!
WOAH!



It must have been attracted by the smell of the honey sandwiches in my rucksack...



Well, if you like them, take one... Enjoy yourself, little greedy-guts!



There he goes, without waiting for more. And he didn't even say thank you!

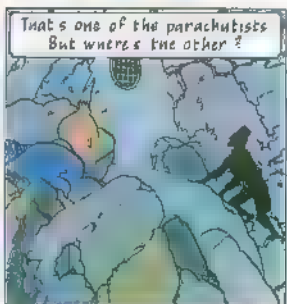
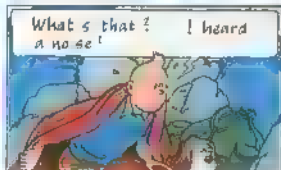
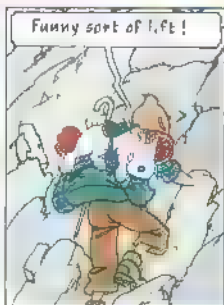
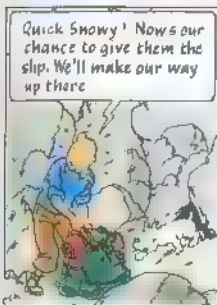
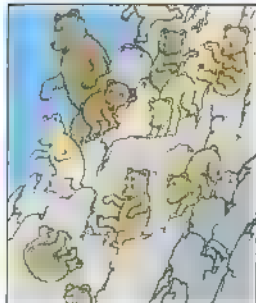
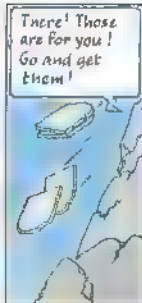
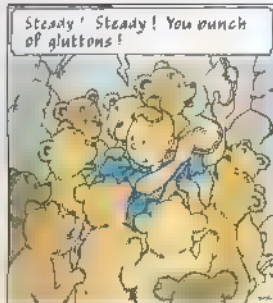


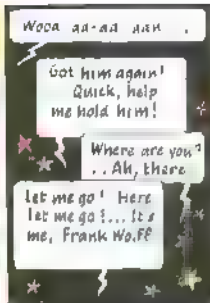
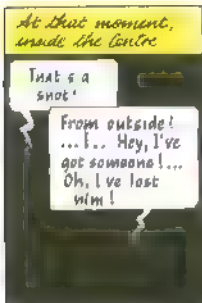
That's that, eh, Snowy my boy? Here's a piece for you.

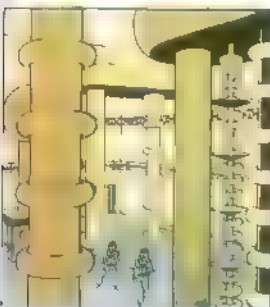
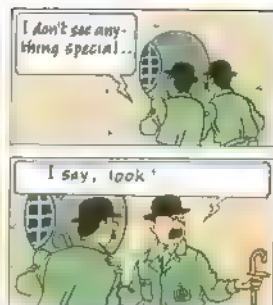


Hey, Snowy, what's the matter?

!!









What's the matter? ...You're white as a sheet! ... Here, tell me. And stop your teeth chattering! ... Now, what is it?



A see... a see... a skeleton! ... I saw a skeleton! ... There, behind that screen!

A skeleton? My poor friend, you're talking through your hat!



I... I assure you...

Now then, don't be silly. You come with me!



There... you see? Where's your skeleton now, eh?



But I'm quite sure...

You are?... Oh well, if you see it again, give it my love!



A skeleton! ... Ha ha, ha! Poor old Thomson, he's off his rocker! ...



On my stick!



EEEEEEEEEEK!



The see... the see... the skeleton! ... You were right! ... I saw it too... There... behind that screen again!

You too! ... Now you see I wasn't dreaming



Now keep calm! ... No one leave the room! ... And don't panic... I mean panic. We'll proceed with caution, and look around...

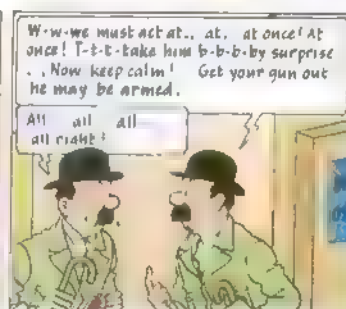
That's... that's it. We'll look around



Nothing. That's queer

Where the devil can it have gone?



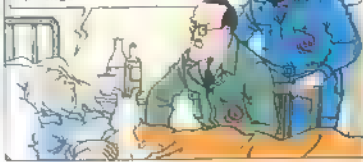


Meanwhile...

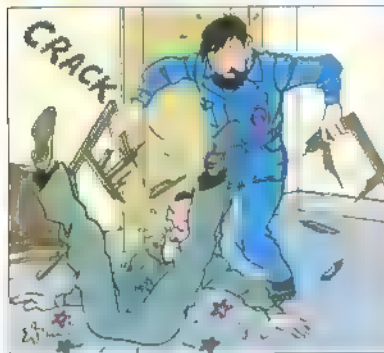
No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull.. Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.



Then I leapt forward and shouted "Hands up!" He obeyed. At that moment I heard an explosion, and instantly I felt a terrific crack on my head. It was the other To save his accomplice he fired at me.



The gangsters! The pirates! .. If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like.



I... Forgive me, Mr Baxter.. I'm terribly sorry... Wait... I'll get you another chair.



No need, thank you. Where were we?... On yes... The next thing is to find out which documents are missing. And above all we must unmask the traitor in our midst, spying on all our activities.



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. If I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right!.. But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket.. With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.



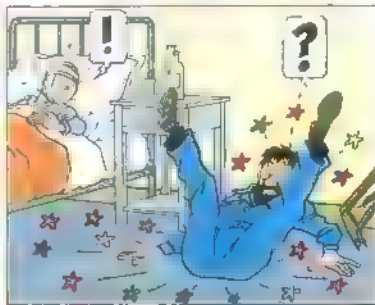
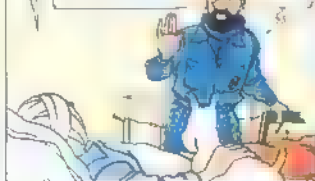
Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tim.



Look Captain, it's late and..

None of that!... I'm staying here!.. A full pipe and a comfortable chair, that's all I ask...



Some weeks later the day for the launching of the trial rocket has arrived.

Well, Professor?

Everything is ready, Mr Baxter. The last guide rails are in place... The gantries have been removed. The technicians are now

completing the fueling-up

Hello, Mr Baxter. Look who's here.

See! They've almost finished

Tintin! You? ... I thought you were still confined to your room.

I am, in theory! But I wouldn't miss the launching of the trial rocket for anything

Look, Mr Baxter. Tintin's better!

Finished

Finished! Everything's ready I'll clear the bay

Good idea. But don't forget to clear the bay!

Oh! I'm sorry!

All very well to apologise! Why doesn't he look where he's going!

At any rate, I'll be safe up here!

An, peace at last!

WOOF!

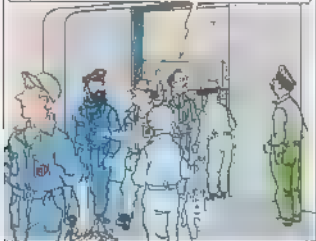
Attention please! Clear the launching bay Attention please! Clear the bay.

Clear the launching bay!

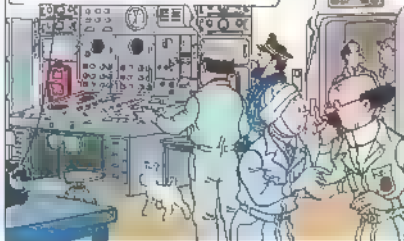
I repeat

All right! I heard!

All out?.. Splendid!.. We can go to the Control Room.



This is it. From here we shall control the rocket during its flight.



I say, Professor

... Did you remember the gadget I mentioned to you when you came to see me in the sick-bay?

The gadget?.. Oh, yes, it's done. I fixed it this evening...



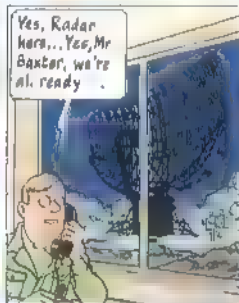
Hello? Observatory? .. Is that you, Michael? .. Baxter here. I'm in the Control Room. All ready?



Absolutely ready, Mr Baxter... Everybody standing by.



Yes, Radar here... Yes, Mr Baxter, we're all ready.



Well, now we can only wait for zero hour. Another twenty minutes.



Why, what's this little device, Professor? It wasn't here last night!

I... yes. I put it there.. It's an idea of Turing's

Oh just a small detail



Meanwhile...

At the same time it was fishy about that skeleton.



Look what I can see!

Well? It's a high-tension switch-room



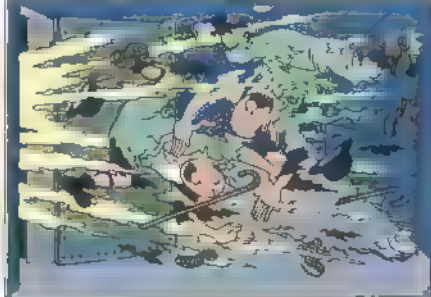
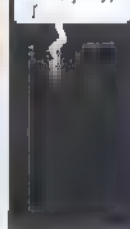
It may look like a power switch-room. But supposing it isn't, eh? We'll investigate. Here's my master key

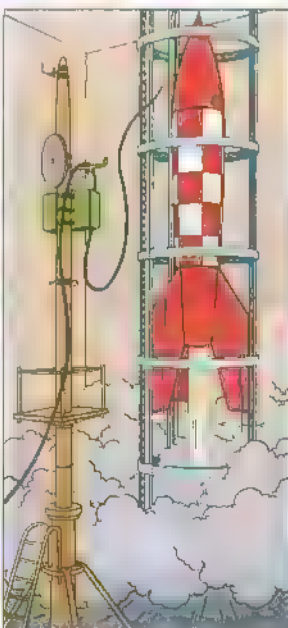
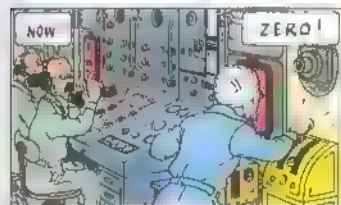
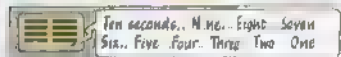
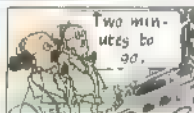
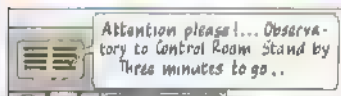
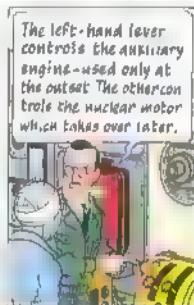
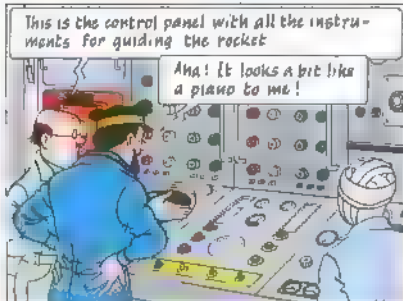


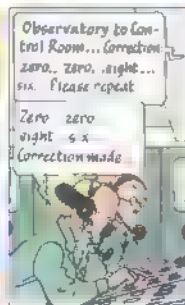
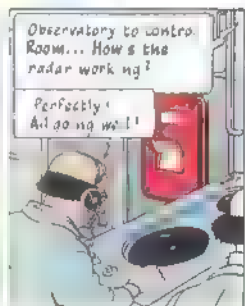
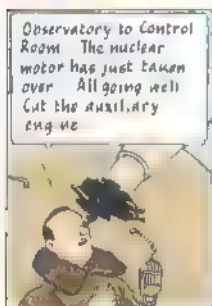
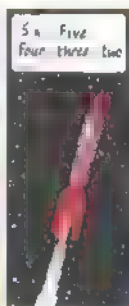
All the same, be careful!

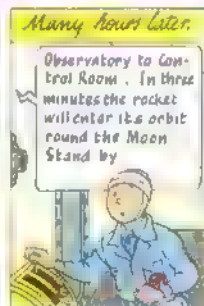
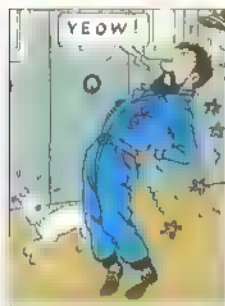
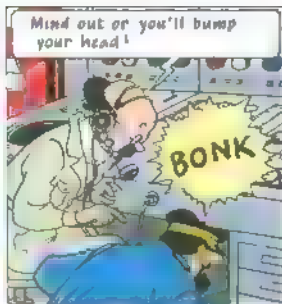


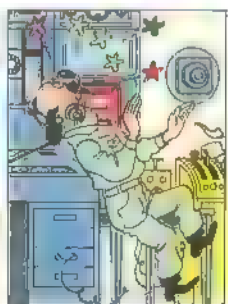
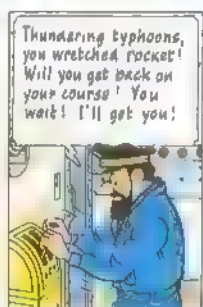
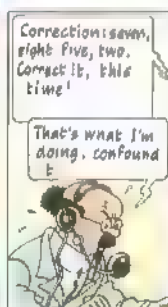
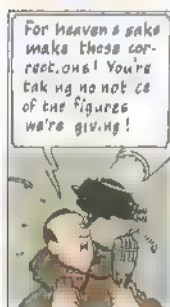
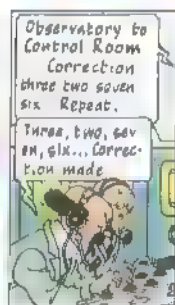
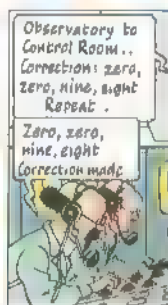
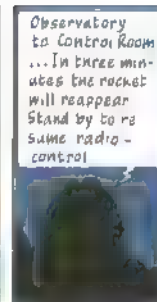
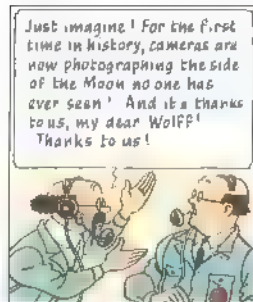
I'm not a child, am I? Anyway,

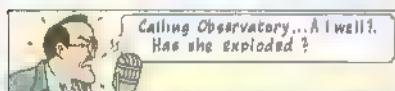












Observatory to Control Room
X-FLR 6 has exploded. There's
nothing more to see



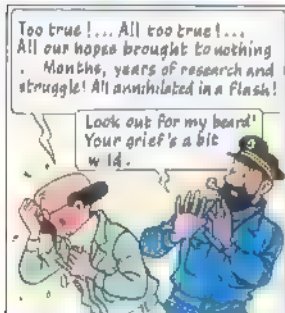
Accursed luck! They've
foreseen everything!
They'd sooner blow up
their rocket than let it
fall into our hands!



How did I get the idea?... Well, it occurred
to me that the documents passed to the
spies might contain all the details of the
radio control of our trial rocket. I
confided my fears to Professor Calculus
who immediately devised the mechanism
to explode X-FLR 6, should she be inter-
cepted... You see what a good idea it was.



Too true!... All too true!...
All our hopes brought to nothing
Months, years of research and
struggle! All annihilated in a flash!



Look out for my beard!
Your grief's a bit
wild.

No, Professor Calculus,
all is not lost! On the con-
trary, this is a triumph
for you... Didn't your nuclear
motor work perfectly? I
didn't the rocket go to
the Moon, and circle
it?



Tintin is right! The
trial was conclusive.
Don't be so downhearted.
Tomorrow we start
work on another
rocket. But not an
experimental one -
this will be the
real Rocket, to carry
you to the Moon!



To the Moon!
Hooray!



A fortnight later

I'm fed up with hanging
about here, doing nothing.



I ought to have stayed
peacefully at Marlin-
spike, instead of fool-
ing about in this
dump, just to gratify
the whims of a mad
professor!



There he goes now
...! I'll tell him a
thing or two!
Hi, Professor!



Look here, I've had enough of
going round in circles in this con-
founded Centre! How soon do you
propose this little week-end trip to the
Moon?



Really? You too? Do you?

That's very odd. I have the
same thing myself. But mine's
in the right shoulder... A touch of
rheumatism, I expect. It has
been damp these last few days.
But it will go. Excuse me: Mr
Baxter is waiting.



Good morning, Mr Baxter

Good morning, Professor. You've
brought the blueprint of the
rocket!



I'm afraid not, Mr. Baxter. But the
blueprint is finished.. Here.. What
do you think of it?



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III

ROCK I

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BAR KN

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CONTROL ARN

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TANK STARTERS

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 4. 100 ft. 100 ft. 100 ft. 100 ft.

Splendid, Professor! My heartiest congratulations! To me this looks admirable, from every point of view. When do you plan to start construction?

To-morrow, if you agree



Right!.. I'll go and give the necessary instructions. The services of every skilled man will be at your disposal at once. Work will go on day and night.

That's wonderful.
Thank you!



Here he comes again!

Goodbye, Mr. Baxter



Look here, you didn't answer my question just now. How soon is your little trip to the Moon?

Well, if I were you I'd try camphorated oil.



Blistering barnacles, it's nothing to do with camphorated oil! It's the Moon

Rubbed in night and morning



You nitwit you! I'm talking about your trip to the Moon!



Maybe... But believe me, there's nothing like camphorated oil... Excuse me now. I'm up to my eyes in work.



Some months later

Hello.. Yes Mr. Baxter, we're going ahead with the space suit trials. Captain Haddock is our guinea-pig. Yes, I.. keep you informed.



I say! Your fancy-dress weighs a ton! You can't move a muscle with it on



Don't worry, Captain. On the Moon things are six times lighter than on the Earth... Once up there, you'll feel as comfortable as if you were in a lounge suit.

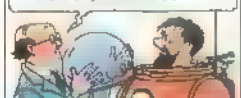
Glad to hear it!



First of all we'll reduce the pressure. Yesterday we completed air-tightness tests with the suits. They were excellent... If anything is wrong, shout "Stop" and we'll restore normal pressure at once

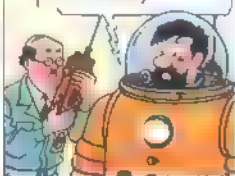


Here's your helmet



Testing the radio. Hello. Can you hear me, Captain?

Yes, I can hear you. You can start now. I'm ready

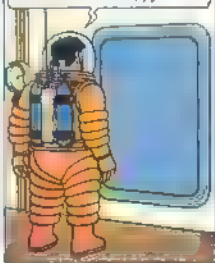


Good!.. Goodbye for now. Good luck!

Thanks

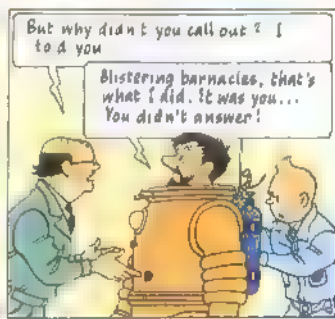
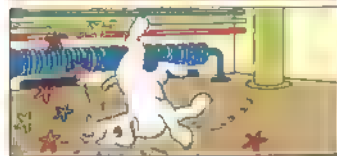
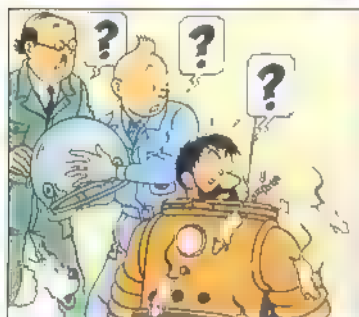
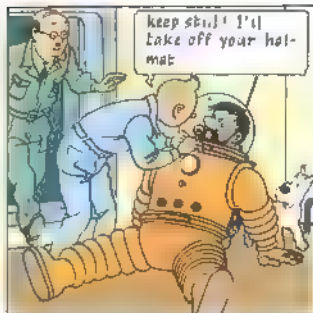
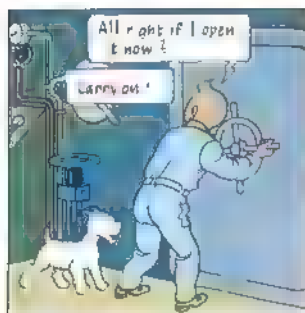


Between ourselves, I'm not all that happy!



I feel like a goldfish in its bowl!

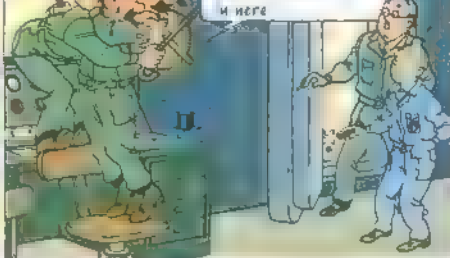




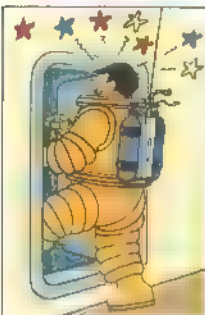
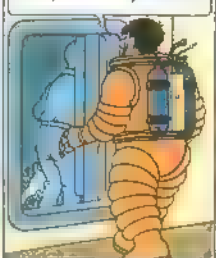
That's the Thomsons! Hurry, we must see.



M m m m-mice!
It's alive with mice
u here



Now what's happened to that pair of sea gherkins?



My poor friend! Didn't you notice the door was rather low?



D'you think I did it on purpose?... I suppose you think my favourite pastime is cracking my head against doors? Well I've had enough! I've had enough of being a playmate for neurotic mice!



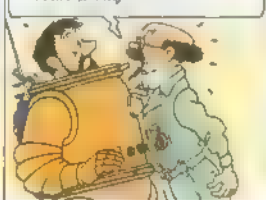
I've had enough, d'you understand? You want to go to the Moon?... Well go! But without me! I'm going home to Marlinpike!.. And you can go on acting the goat here for as long as you like!



Oh, I'm acting the goat?... I'm acting the goat, am I?... This is too much! I, acting the goat!... I demand an apology... An apology, you hear?... You have no right to say such a thing!.. Acting the goat!



To dare say such a thing to me!... You!... You!... You follow me... I'll show you just how I act the goat!... Come along!



Oh, I'm acting the goat!

Look, I



So, I act the goat?

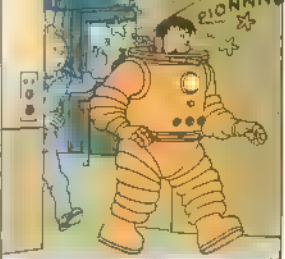
I didn't mean anything



You see, I was feeling upset... just then... But it's all over now.

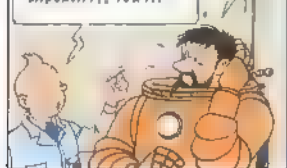


RIONING

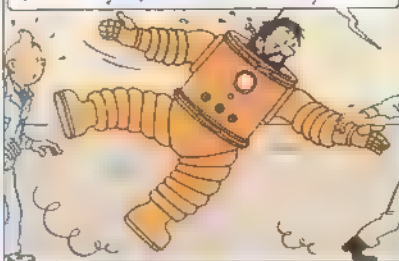


Billions of blue blistering bar
nacles! If ever I find the p-rate
who did that I'll make him
dance, I promise you!

It was your aerial,
Captain... You...



So you're trying to give me the slip? Well,
you aren't going to! Come on! Hurry!



So I act the goat!



Slaving for two months non-stop,
working myself to the bone, all to
hear myself called a goat! It's
too much!



Excuse me Professor, but your companion
is not wearing regulation clothing. I'm
afraid I must ask him to go back.

That's true. He's
right. I ought to.



Be gone you worm! Out of my sight!
I'm acting the goat, do you hear?

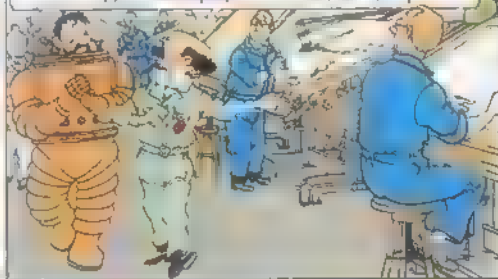


Professor, I implore
you.

I'm acting the
goat, eh?



And I suppose these people are acting the goat, eh?



Yes, this is the
Chief of Internal
Security.
What?... Professor
Calculus?... Mak-
ing a scene? Says
he's acting the
goat? I'll teach
him to act the goat!



And the atomic pile,
never stopping?...
The uranium being
made? The labora-
tories working day and
night?... That's all
acting the goat too,
I suppose?



Well, Professor, what's all
this about? I hear some-
one's acting the goat.

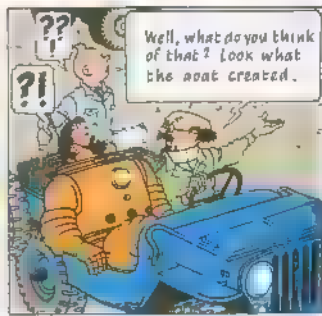
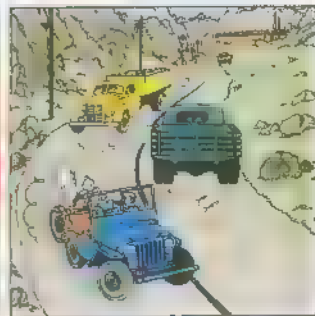
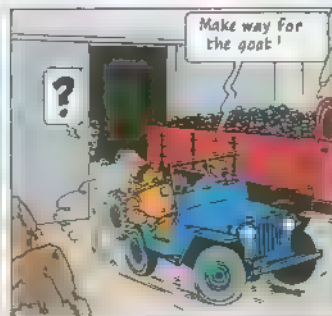
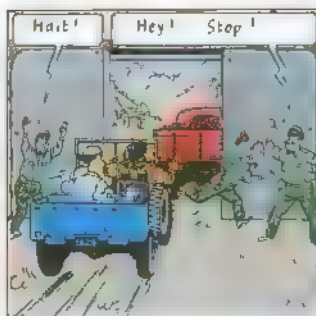


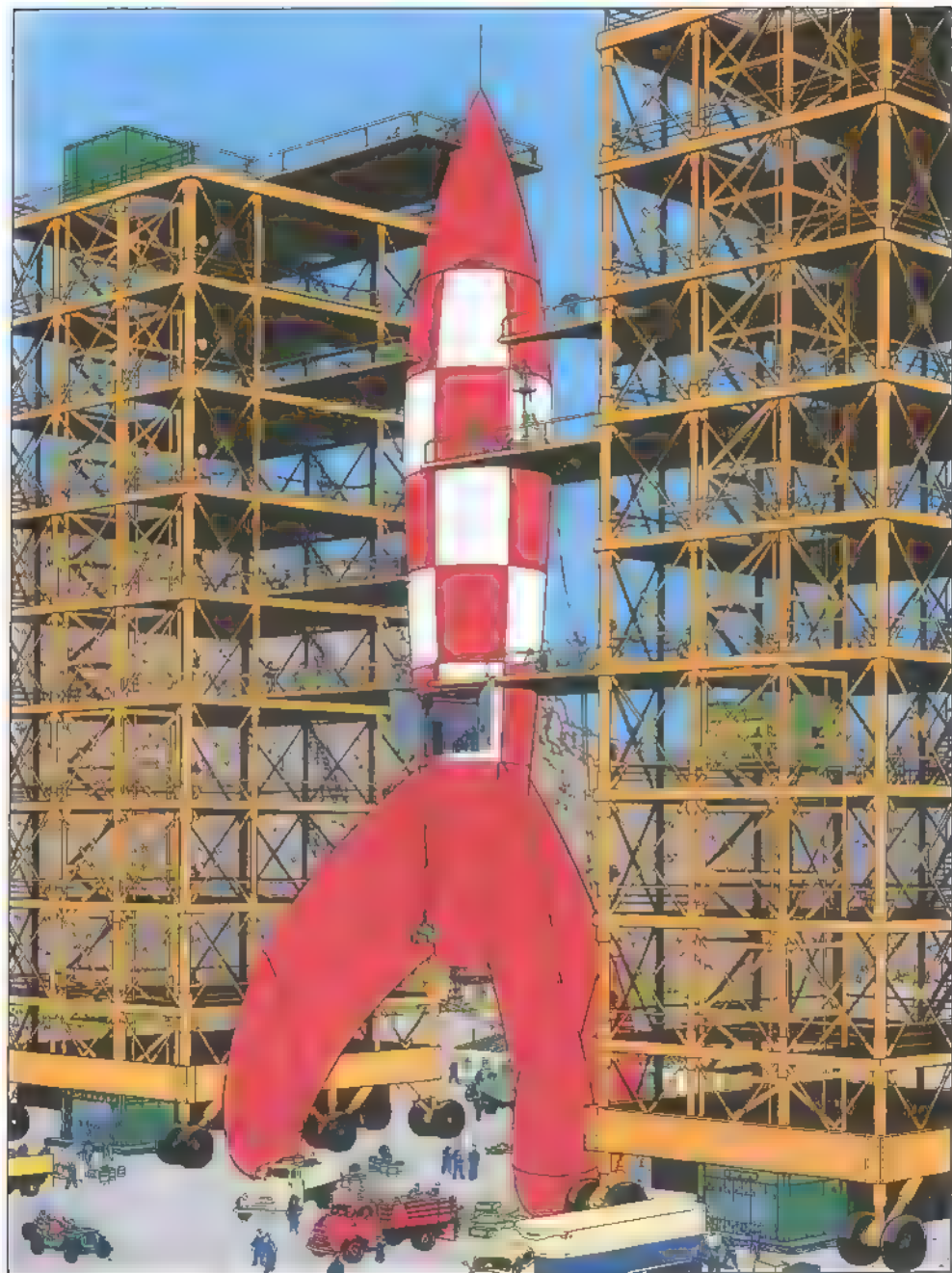
?!
CRR
CRR
KRRR

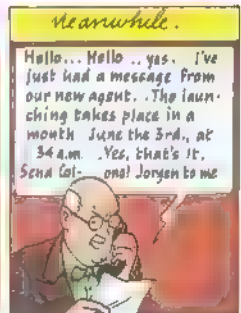
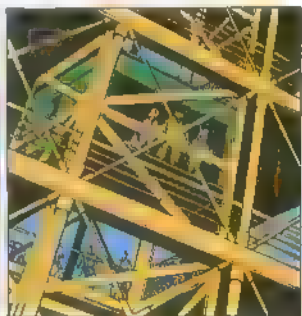
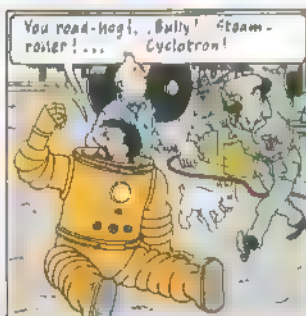
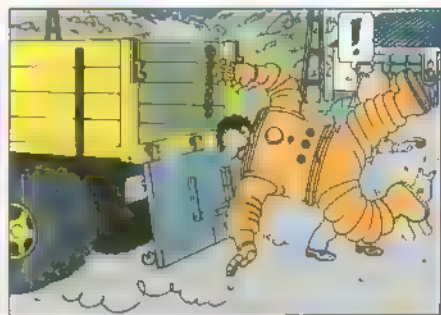
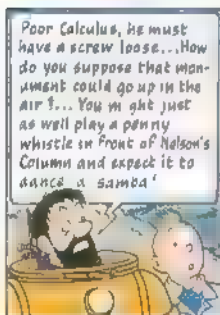
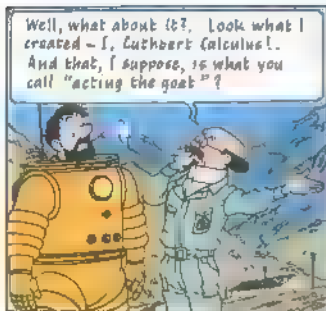


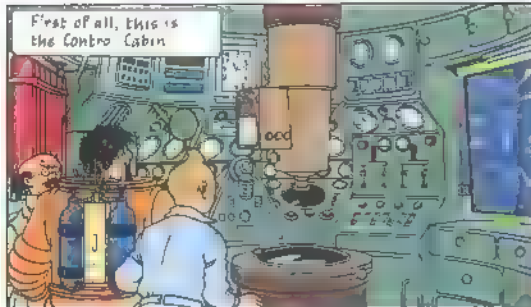
For heaven's sake Cutbert,
calm yourself!









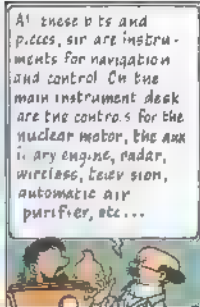


First of all, this is the Control Cabin

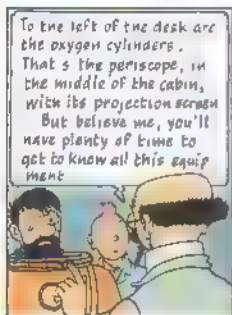


Fantastic! For what are all these bits and pieces for?

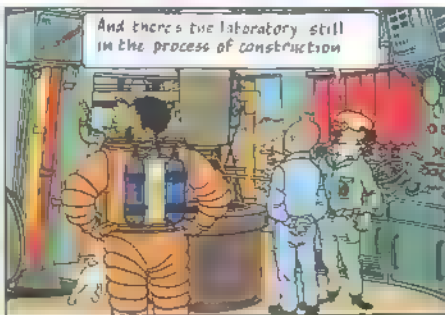
Well, what do you think of it? You can't call this acting the goat, eh?



All those bits and pieces, sir, are instruments for navigation and control. On the main instrument desk are the controls for the nuclear motor, the auxiliary engine, radar, wireless, television, automatic air purifier, etc...



To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders. That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabin, with its projection screen. But believe me, you'll have plenty of time to get to know all this equipment.



And there's the laboratory still in the process of construction.



Amazing! Astonishing!

Will he? Won't he?



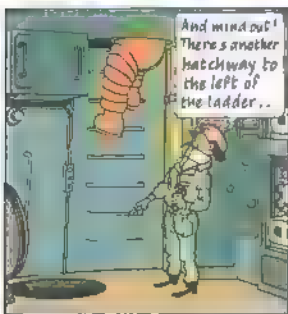
Take care! Look out, behind you!



I believe you do it on purpose, don't you? Every time there's a chance to bump yourself, or sprawl on the floor, you take it!... Can't you pay attention?



Anyway you go through this hatch to the deck below. Follow me. I'll lead the way.



And mind out! There's another hatchway to the left of the ladder.



We are now in the living quarters. This will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.



And there are the bunks we lie on when...

Busting barnacles!



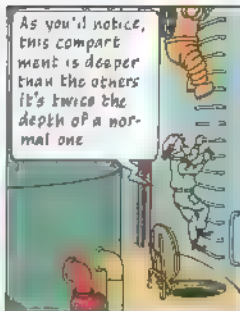
When! That was near!



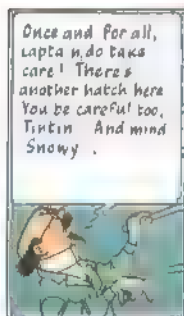
I almost fell down that confounded hole! Luckily I just managed to save myself!



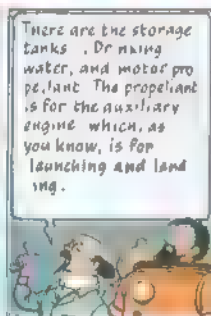
You see? Even after I told you to be careful! I know I may act the goat, but at least I look where I am going! ... Now we'll go down to the next deck.



As you'll notice, this compartment is deeper than the others: it's twice the depth of a normal one.



Once and for all, Captain, I do take care! There's another hatch here. You be careful too, Tintin. And mind Snowy.



There are the storage tanks. Draining water, and motor propellant. The propellant is for the auxiliary engine which, as you know, is for launching and landing.



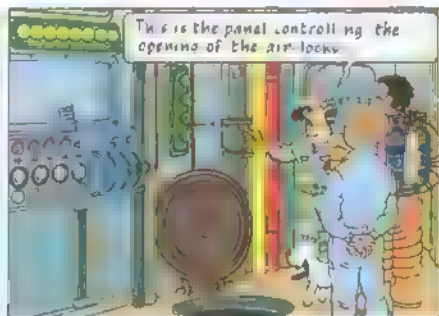
Stars above, Captain! Don't stand so near that hole! Are you trying to break your neck?



To make it possible to leave and re-enter the rocket when we are in space, we've had to provide a system of air locks. You will see the mechanism for these on the deck below.



I warn you, Captain, there's another hatch ... I beg you to take care!



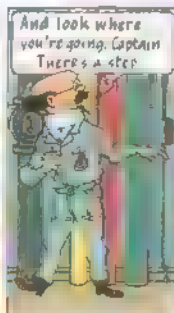
This is the panel controlling the opening of the air-locks.



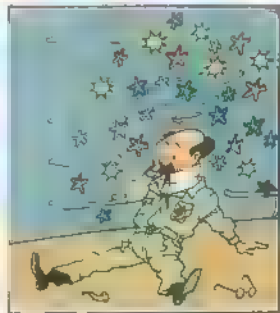
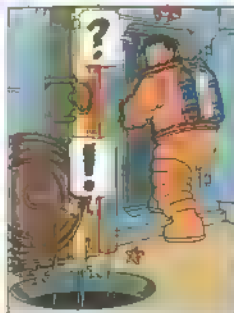
Attention please! Professor Calculus to report to the Centre immediately. Listen!

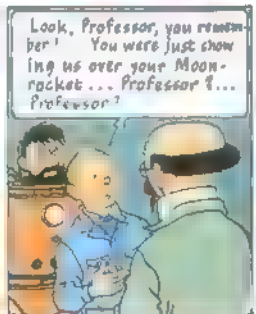
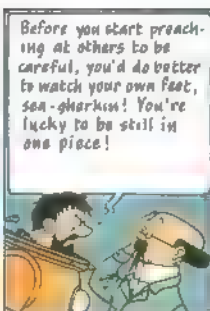
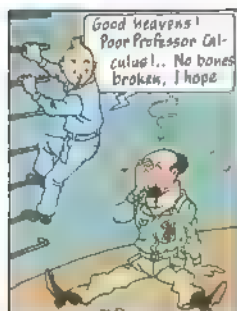


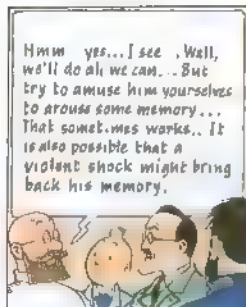
Right, I'll go... You can look round the large storage compartment, through that door... I'll come straight back.

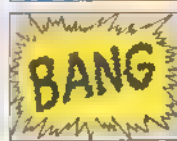
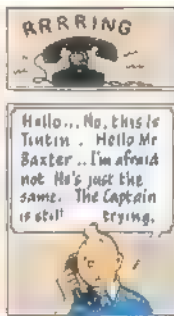
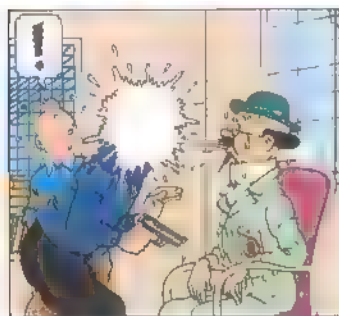


And look where you're going, Captain! There's a step.









The same evening...

So he needs a shock, eh?... Well this time he'll get one, blistering barnacles!



Whoooo!... Whoooo!... Beware, Cuthbert, I am a gho-o-ost!



Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your sho-o-oes! I have come for your soul!



Ten thousand thundering typhoons!



Blistering barnacles!... What possessed me to dress myself up as a ghost?



And he just sits there looking at me, the jolly-fish! You couldn't be frightened could you? You moth-eaten mar-mot!



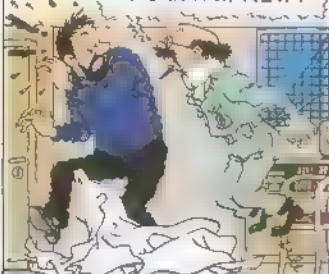
I suppose you think I'm enjoying myself, acting the goat!



You won't catch me trying to cure loss of memory, now!



A GOAT?.. ME!..



A goat!... A goat! You dare call me a goat! That's too much! You're not getting away with that!



An apology! I demand an immediate apology!



Help! Help! He's cured!

A few minutes later ..

Oh, Captain, Captain, what a debt we all owe you! Thanks to you Calculus has recovered!... This is splendid news!

Er... I didn't do much

Not much?... My dear Captain, without your help, the journey to the Moon would have been impossible... Don't you realise?

Thundering typhoons! I'd forgotten that!

And here is the Professor to thank you himself.

Oh, Captain! Give me your hand!



They've told me everything: about my loss of memory, and your devoted care... I thank you, Captain, from the bottom of my heart!

I'm I'm very touched

I thank you too in the name of Science! You have made possible the journey to the Moon... I shall never forget that!

And neither shall I!

The same evening

Here's a signal from M 23, sir!

Oh, news from the Main Workshop! Let's hope it is not tardier than last time

"M 23 30! Mammoth has recovered memory, thanks to Whale." Good old Whale! Without knowing it, he's done us a really good turn. Reply "M.23.30! received. Operation Ulysses will proceed according to plan"

The days go by



... And in one week's time, gentlemen, on the night of the 2nd and 3rd at 1.34 a.m., the launching will take place... Is everything up to schedule?



You, We FF, are in charge of provision of raw and equipment. How are you getting along?

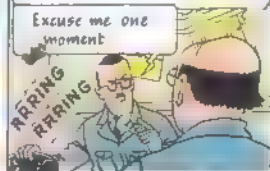
The loading is going ahead. Food supplies, and all the components for our reconnaissance tank are already stowed aboard. I'm just waiting for some optical instruments we need to establish an observatory on the Moon.

Unfortunately the factory at Oberhausen tells me there's been a delay in production. But they've definitely promised delivery of the consignment on the eve of our departure... In that case I...

Excuse me one moment

Hello. Yes. What? Is it the Sacréty Area?

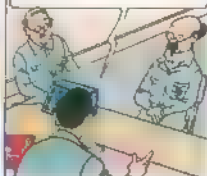
Three? You're questioning them? All right. Keep me informed.



You heard that, gentlemen? The ZEPO have just arrested three people wandering inside the Security Area. Of course they said they wanted to climb Mount Zstophnot, and had lost their way. Whenever they arrest anybody it's the same story



You see, despite all the precautions we take, a determined man can always find a way through the defences.



But where were we?... Oh yes... So on your side, Wolff, everything is in order, except for the delay with the optical instruments. What about you Captain? Air supply, temperature, safety equipment



And you, Professor?



Everything is ready Mr Baxter, except for Snowy's space suit. That is just being finished now.



There we are. Nothing more except to test the radio..



Who's in space bone for Snowy?

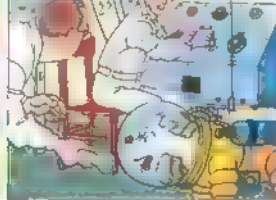


Golly what a bone!



Woopah! - Woopah!

Fine! Its morning perfectly!



Now, gentlemen, it only remains for me to thank you, and congratulate you. For you have managed to surmount all the obstacles that seemed to stand in the way of making rockets of this type.



Are you coming, Captain?... We'll go and find Snowy in the laboratory...

Coming... Coming



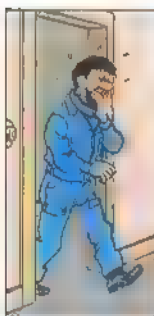
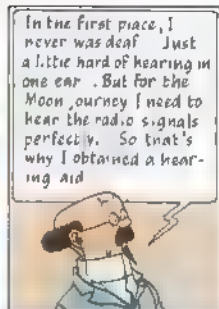
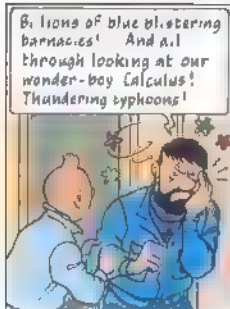
I say. Look at Calculus... Doesn't anything strike you?

No. Not at first glance

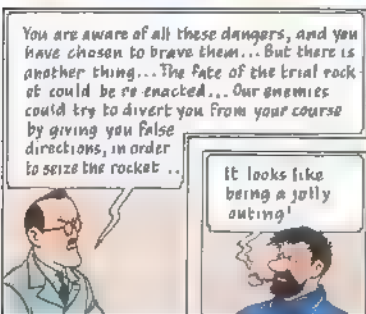
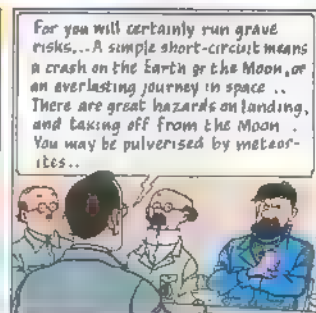
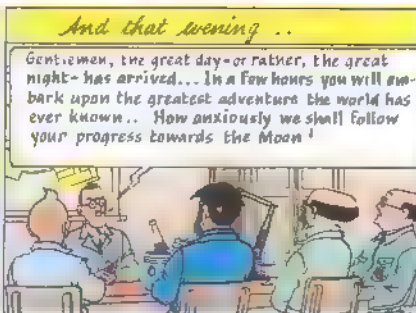
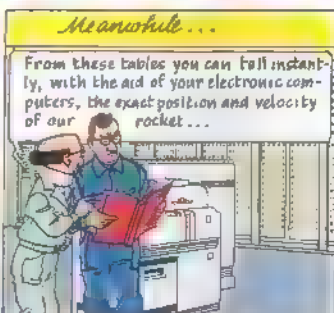
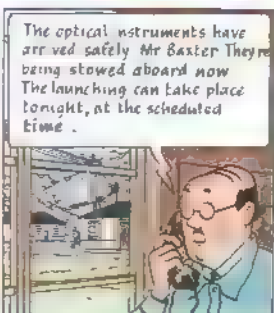
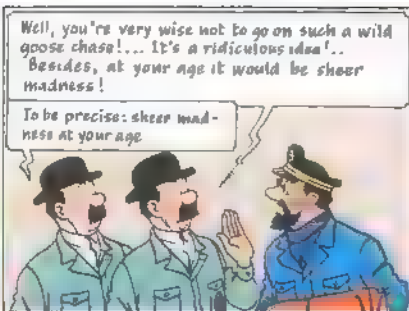


It does me!... But then I don't walk about with my eyes shut











Slow yourselves up? I trust you will not be driven to that extremity! If anything has to go with a bang, let's make it the cork from this bottle! Will you, Captain?



With pleasure, Mr Baxter. I'm an old hand.



Thundering typhoons! Why does this cork have to be so stubborn?



Would you like me to try, Captain?



Are you proposing to teach me how to open a bottle of champagne?

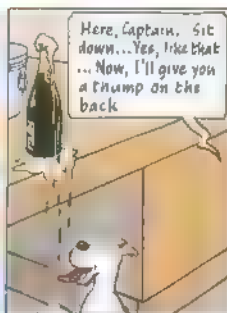
But ...



POP



The cork! He's swallowed the cork!



Here, Captain. Sit down... Yes, like that ... Now, I'll give you a nump on the back



That's better, thanks! But I can't imagine how it happened. It's the first time ...



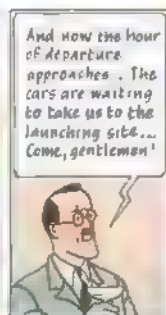
That's got a kick in it! ... Champagne doesn't agree with me... It's making my head spin!



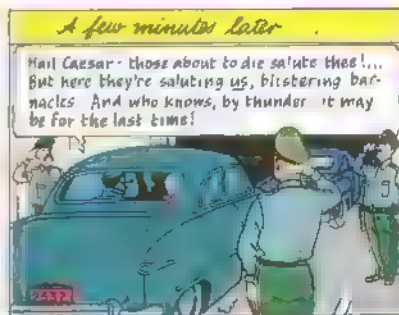
Come, gentlemen. The no dent is closed. Here, Captain.



Gentlemen, I raise my glass to the success of our enterprise. And I drink the health of the first men to set foot upon the Moon



And now the hour of departure approaches. The cars are waiting to take us to the launching site... Come, gentlemen!



A few minutes later

Hail Caesar - those about to die salute thee! ... But here they're saluting us, blistering barnacles. And who knows, by thunder it may be for the last time!



I must say you don't look very happy, Captain

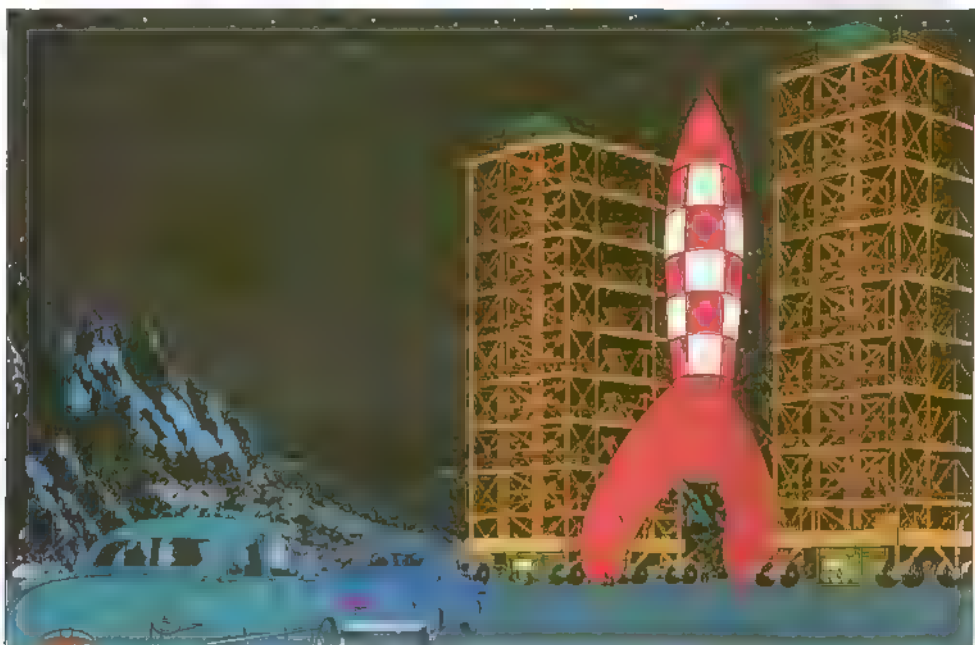
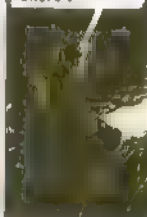
Why on earth should I look happy? Because we're off to the Moon!



To the Moon! Don't make me laugh!... If that honky-tonk Calculus-machine doesn't blow up at the start, we'll find ourselves roaming around between the Great Bear and Jupiter, and never come back! You can hoot with laughter about that if you like!

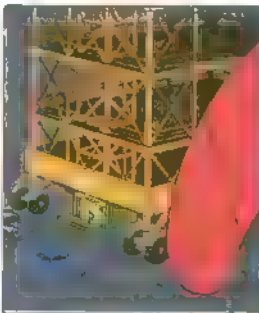


No, I want to look, Captain! Were there!



Look! The gantries are flooded! the rocket is ready for launching! It's like magic!

Yes, very pretty... for the spectators!

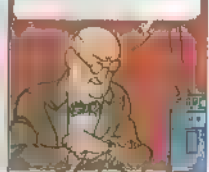


So there's the machine to which we're entrusting our lives!... It's sheer lunacy!... Just think, through me Calculus recovered his memory, and completed this crazy scheme! I'll never for... give myself!



Meanwhile

If there's no change of plan, it's just half an hour till their departure.



Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the rocket, I shall go to one of the shutters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.



Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!



It would have been all the same to me if a piccolo-player had gone!

Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you. I'm sorry not to be among you.



Look, Mr Baxter, if you really mean it I'd be happy to give up my place.



Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not ask you to make such a sacrifice!

Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.



Thank you, Mr Baxter. I shall not fail you.

As for you, my dear Professor—your skill is our best guarantee of success!



Thank you, Mr Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!

Come along. The lift is waiting for us.



Goodness, Captain! You're going to do some reading?



Yes, I want to improve myself!

Would you like some help?



No, thanks. I can manage.

In you go, gentlemen!



Between ourselves, Snowy my boy, I'm in a blue funk!

Farewell, Earth!



The die is cast!... There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!



Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind you...



that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible—even probable—that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but



During this first phase of the ascent—I don't know how long it will last—the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourse ves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.



Moon Rocket calling Earth.
Moon-Rocket calling Earth.
Are you receiving me?



Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.



Right

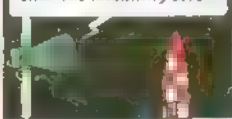
Earth calling Moon-Rocket.. Receiving you loud and clear.. We are removing the gantries.



Earth to Moon-Rocket.
Gantries removed. We
are clearing the launching
site.



Attention please clear the
launching site!... I repeat
clear the launching site!

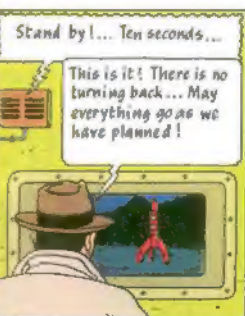
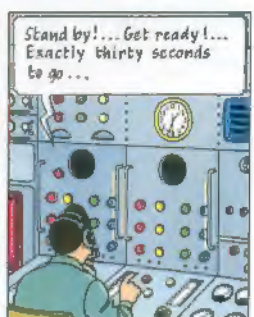
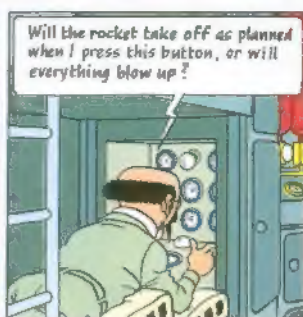
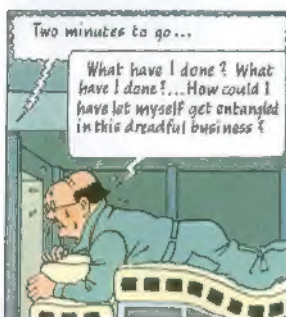


Earth to Moon-Rocket..
The site is clear. Twenty-
eight minutes to go.. Are
you ready?



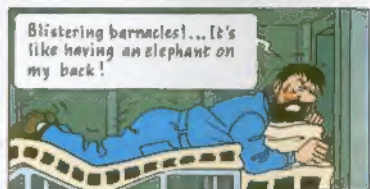
Moon-Rocket
ready For
launching!







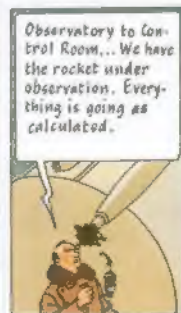
Oooh!... What a horrible crushing sensation!



Blistering barnacles!... It's like having an elephant on my back!



There they go!... They'll probably have blacked out... Now back to the Control Room...



Observatory to Control Room... We have the rocket under observation. Everything is going as calculated.



Observatory to Control Room... The rocket is now 500 miles from the Earth. The nuclear motor has just taken over automatically from the auxiliary engine.

Right. We'll try to make contact with the rocket.



Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Are you receiving me?... Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Are you receiving me?





What dangers
await
Tintin
and his
friends
on the Moon?



What will
happen
on this
perilous
journey
into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest
of their great adventure when you read

EXPLORERS ON THE MOON